Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?
To riſe againſt your Soueraigne Lord and King,
Who mildly hath his pardon ſent to you,
If you forſake this monſtrous Rebell heere?
If honor be the marke whereat you ayme,
Then haſt to France that our fore-fathers won,
And win againe that thing which now is loſt,
And leaue to ſeeke your Countries ouerthrow.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

They forſake Cade

Cade. Why how now, wil you forſake your generall,
And ancient freedome which you haue poſſeſt?
To bend your ſtecks vnder their ſeruile yokes,
Who if you ſtir, will ſtraight way hang you vp.
But follow me, and you ſhall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

All. A Cade, a Cade.

They run to Cade againe.

Clif. Braue warlike friends, heare me but ſpeake,
Refuſe not good whilſt it is offered you:
The King is mercifull, then yeelde to him,
And I my ſelfe will go along with you
To Winſore Caſtle, whereas the King abides,
And on mine honour you ſhall haue no hurt.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God ſaue the King.

Cade. How like a feather is this raſcall company
Blowne euery way?
But that they may ſee there wants no valiancy in me,
My ſtaffe ſhall make way through the midſt of you,
And ſo a poxe take you all.

He runs through them with his ſtaffe,
and then flies away.

Buc. Go ſome and make after him, and proclaime,
That thoſe that can bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thouſand Crownes for his labour.
Come march away. *Exit om.*

Enter